

ents and an honest welcome, characteristic of a high bred people. The turning

Boys on the Farm.

If you desire your son to like the business of the farm give him a responsible place, trust him, consult him about the work he has to do. Give him almost the sole care and responsibility of something on the farm—some of the stock, crops, or a

It is better he should fail while he is young, than to try to learn under your training, than to try or fail to get into business for himself. By treating boys in this manner they will take a greater interest in their work and be far more likely to succeed.

No man is a truly successful farmer who follows his land to grow poor while he is cultivating it. He may make money for a time

and put it in his pocket, but he does so at the cost of his successors. He takes something from the soil and gives nothing in return. This cannot be continued without the degeneration of both land and occupant. Writers and speakers tell of the "inexhaustible" fertility of the West. I never hear that word without being annoyed. We might as well say that we can consume a pint and still have the whole; not only that, but keep on doing so for an indefinite term of years.

Some mistaken idea of an insect chaunticleer has already cost the West a great sum of money, and will inevitably cost many millions more. Much has already been done put an end to this ruinous system of forever taking from the soil and putting nothing back. Much remains still to be done, and will try to aid, at least indirectly, in this good work by giving in future issues a few chapters on the life of many insect societies and experiences, during which I carried on various experiments with manures, always trying to make such as would be practical and useful.

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Some Notes About Women.

Ruskin: Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may come over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, some is where she is, and for a noble heart that stretches far around her, better

man houses—sheild with cedar or painted with vermilion—shilding its quiet light for none who else are homeless.

Good people, do not be afraid of a little sun at home. Do not shut up your houses and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to turn your sons and brothers, if you want them to turn your hearts, your thoughts, your life, your mind, your social environment, let the sun be left on the threshold of your home when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place in which to eat, drink and sleep, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and senseless degradation. Young people must have relaxation somewhere.

"Going to hang up your stocking Christ-mas?" asked a Chicago man of a Boston girl who is visiting his sister. One day last week "I shall certainly suspend my hostility," she said, looking kindly at him over her glasses, "because I think the comfortable custom of bestowing Christmas gifts on those things we like the best will appreciate should be adhered to."

He put a copy of Emerson's works

The case of Debenham agt. Mellon, involving the question of the liability of hus-

lands for the debts of wives, has attracted great notice in England. Mrs. Mellon was supplied with a sum adequate for her apparel, but ran into debt in excess of it. Under the case of *Jolly agt. Rees*, the Court decided for the husband as not being liable for his wife's debts, if he supplied her, with money enough to buy necessaries and forbade her to exceed it. On appeal the decision was affirmed, and reaffirmed (Mr. Benjamin for the appellant by the House of Lords).

Prince Talleyrand once, upon a time summoned his cook, who was none other than the great Cureau, and said to him severely "I am greatly displeased with you. You served me at 8 o'clock yesterday with *salami* which should have been ready at 7, and thus my evening's appointments were all interfered with and grave matters of State were left unconsidered or only half considered." "Will your Excellency deign to inform me if the *salami* was good?" "It was delicious sir." "That, your Excellency, was the important point." And, with a pronounced bow, the artist retired.

• • •

A Paper House.

From the New York Sun.

One of the most interesting objects offered to the public inspection at the Sydney International Exhibition was a dwelling-house, made of paper and fire-

ished throughout with articles manufactured from the same material. Walls, roof, doorings and stair cases alike consisted of cartonnage; the carpets and curtains, bedsteads, lamps, cushions, and counterpane, towels, bedjackets, baths, kitchen utensils, were one and the same. The beds, however, were one and the same, but the very stoves used for heating the rooms, in which large fires were kept burning daily throughout the duration of the exhibition. Several banquets were given in the paper house by its owners to the Commissioners, members of the press and foreigners of distinction. Should these paper buildings come into vogue they may

expected to supplement the family income by changes in the rates of the insurance, or to present calculations upon a basis of bricks and mortar.

A Sharp Parisian Landlord.

From Figaro.

Two new tenants, a doctor and a man of family, had just moved into the building. On comparing notes they discovered that they were paying more rent than their predecessors in the lodgings.

This was how the wily landlord had managed it:

He had said to the man of the family: "These second-story rooms are precisely what you want. And there is a doctor in the story just above you, so that if any member of your family is taken sick, all you have to do is to slip up stairs and summon him. Why, it is worth two hundred francs a year for convenience and satisfaction!"

And unto the doctor he had said: "There is a man down stairs with eleven children and a wife, and none of them seems ever to have seen a well day. Why it's a regular bonanza! Four hundred francs a year in your pocket, at the very least!"

Year	Percentage
1950	7.0
1960	8.5
1970	10.0
1980	11.5

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THE STORY OF CRESCUS.
The following is an extract from Rev.
Alfred J. Clinch's "Stories of the East from
Hepzibah."

"Now it chanced that while the matter of
the young man's marriage was in hand, there
came to Sardis a certain stranger, upon
whom there had come the great trouble of
blood-guiltiness. The man was a Phrygian
by birth, and of the royal house, and he
came into the palace of Crescus, after the
custom of that country, and sought for one
that should cleanse him from his guilt; and
Crescus cleansed him. (Now the matter of
cleansing is the same, for the most part,
among the Lydians as it is among the
Greeks.) And when the King had done for
him according to all that was prescribed in
the law, he would fain know who he was
and whence he had come. Wherefore he
asked him, saying, 'My friend, who art thou?
And from what city of Phrygia—for that thou
art a Phrygian I know—art thou come to
take sanctuary at my hearth? And what
man or woman didst thou slay? And the
man answered, 'O King, I am the son of
Gordias, the son of Midas, and my name
is Adrastus, and I slew my own brother,
not wittingly. For this cause I am come to
thee, for my father drove me out from my
home, and I am utterly bereft of all things.'
To this King Crescus made reply: 'Thou
art the son of friends and to a friend thou
art come. Verily, as long as thou abidest
here thou shalt lack for nothing that I can
give thee. And as for thy trouble, it will
be best for thee to bear it as easily as may
be.' So the man lived thenceforth in the
king's palace. Now, about this time there
was a mighty wild boar in Olympus, that is
a mountain in Mysia. It had its den in the
mountains, and going out thence did much
damage to the possessions of the Mysians,
and the Mysians had often sought to slay
him, but failed him not at all, but rather
received harm themselves. At last they
sent messengers to the king, who showed
before him and said, 'O King, a mighty
monster of a wild boar hath his abode in our
country, and destroyeth our possessions, and
though we would fain kill him we cannot.
Now, therefore, we pray thee that thou wilt
send thy son, and chosen youths with him,
and dogs for hunting, that they may go with
us, and that we may drive the great beast
out of the land.' * * * He sent for Adrastus,
the Phrygian; and when the man was
come into his presence he spake, saying,
'Adrastus, I took thee when thou wast afflicted
with a grievous trouble, though with this
I upbraid thee not, and I cleansed thee from
thy guilt and received thee into my palace;
and thou hast done without any cost of mine.
Now, therefore, it is well that thou shouldst
make me some return for all these benefits.
I would make thee keeper of my son, now
that he goeth forth to his hunt, if it should
chance that any robbers or such folk should
be found on the way to do him hurt. More-
over, it becometh thee, for thine own sake,
to go on an errand from which thou mayest
win renown, for thou art of a royal house,
and art besides valiant and strong.' To this Adrastus made answer:
'O King, I had not indeed gone to this
sport but for thy words. For he to whom
such trouble had come as hath come to me
should not accompany with happy men; nor
indeed, hath he the will to do it. But now
as thou art earnest in this matter, I must
needs yield to thy request. Therefore, I
am ready to do as thou wilt; be sure, there-
fore, that I will deliver thee thy son, whom
thou biddest me keep, safe and unhurt, so
far as his keeper may do so.' So the young
men departed, and chosen youths with
them, and dogs for hunting. And when they
were come to the mountain of Olympus they
sought for the wild boar, and when they had
found it and threw their spears at it, and
so it fell out that this stranger, the same
that had been cleansed from the guilt of
manslaying, whose name was Adrastus,
throwing his spear at the wild boar, and
missing his aim, smote the son of
Crescus. And the youth died of the wound,
so that the vision of the king was fulfilled
that he should die by a spear-point. And
straightway there ran one to tell the things
to Crescus. And when he had come to Sardis,
he told the king how they had fought
with the wild boar, and how his son had
died. Crescus was very grievously troubled
by the death of his son; and this the more
because he had been slain by the man
whom he had himself cleansed from the guilt
of blood. And in this great grief he cried
out very vehemently against the gods, and
especially against Zeus, the god of cleans-
ing, seeing that he had cleansed the stranger,
and now suffered grievous wrongs at
his hands. He reproached him also as the
god of hospitality and of friendship—

of hospitality, because he had entertained
him, and knew not that he was enter-
taining the slayer of his own son; and of
friendship, because he had sent him to be
a keeper and a friend to his son, yet had
found him to be an enemy and a destroyer.
And when he had done speaking there came
Lydians bearing the dead body of the young
man, and the slayer followed behind. So
soon, therefore, as the young man was come
into the presence of the king, he gave him-
self up, stretching forth his hands, and
bidding the King slay him on the dead body.
And he spake of the dream that he had
done before, and that now he had added
to it a worse thing, bringing destruction on
him that had cleansed him, and he cried out
that he was not fit to live. But when
Crescus heard him speak, he pitied him,
for all that he was in grievous trouble
of his own, and spake to him,
'I have had from thee, O my friend,
all the vengeance that I need, seeing that
thou hast pronounced sentence of death
against thyself. But indeed thou art not
the cause of this trouble, save only that thou
hast brought it to pass unwittingly; some
god is the cause, the same that long ago
foretold me this very thing that hath now
befallen me.' So Crescus buried his son
with all due rites. But Adrastus, the son
of Gordias the son of Midas, that had been
the slayer of his own brother, and had now
slain the son of him that had cleansed him,
waited behind till all the men had left the
sepulchre, and then slew himself upon it,
for he knew that of all the men in the world
he was the most unhappy."

THE HORSE TRADE.
Whoa! Whoa! Gerp! along the critter.
She's a baby, as sure as gun.
I'll never see stock in a deacon,
Or any tin under this sun.
He said that mare was gentle,
Whoa! whoa! gerp! there! back! gee! gee!
She's a hiker, as sure as thunder.
There, me's busted the single-tree.
Stranger, please help draw this buggy
Out of the road. I'm danged
If she hasn't busted the dash in,
And things are generally banged!

Hold on till I tie the critter
To the fence. Lord, isn't she wild!
Let me tell you how the deacon
My veracity fresh beguiled.
'Twas a mug for family driving
I wanted, and thought I could
Trust him above all men!
'Cause I always thought him good.
Well, I find I've been mistaken,
And can't feel afraid
That an honest man in other things
Will cheat in an equine trade.
H. T. Eckert.

A CURIOUS HISTORY.
A Kansas Boy Who Assumed His Father's
Crime of Murder.
From the Detroit Post and Tribune.

A lad in the Kansas penitentiary, who
confessed a few years ago to having mur-
dered at Topeka, a man named Ferris, now
poses before the public as a devoted son.
He says he became convinced at once that
his father had committed the murder, but
at the coroner's inquest shielded him and
convicted himself. The father then got out
on bail, and the boy remained in jail five
months. During his confinement the father
visited the son frequently. On one of these
visits the boy was told that there was a bag
containing a pair of boots on top of a cup-
board in the jailer's office, and the father
wanted them secured and burned. There
were two doors between the prisoner and
the office, but to the surprise of the boy, the
father strangely left these two doors un-
locked, and the boy was very easily got
and, in the presence of other prisoners,
burned in the stove. Two of these wit-
nesses are now in the penitentiary. These
boots, it seems, were the father's and bore
marks that pointed to his guilt. After that
the boy was persuaded to sacrifice himself
to save his father, upon the promise that
a pardon be procured in a few years on the
ground of his youthfulness. Afterward the
mother visited the prison, and he thereupon
confessed that he killed Ferris in a quarrel.
When the case came up the young man
pleaded guilty to the charge and wholly ex-
onerated his father from all complicity in
the bloody deed. After that the prisoner
been in the penitentiary for a year, his father
and mother went to California. After five
years the mother returned and endeavored
to procure a pardon for her boy, but failed.
This intelligence was conveyed by letter to
the father, and he killed himself. The
knowledge of the suicide, however, did not
reach the boy until some time last Septem-
ber. This is one of the most remarkable
statements in criminal annals. That a boy
of 10 should have the nerve to consign him-
self to disgraceful imprisonment to shield
a cowardly father seems incredible.

Jim Webster and the Chickens.
From the Galveston News.
There was a powerful revival the other
night at Parson Bledsoe's Blue Light taber-
nacle, and among those who experienced a
change of heart was Jim Webster. Yesterday
he met Parson Bledsoe, who asked Jim:
'Is yer going to stick, James?'
'Parson Bledsoe, if anybody offers to
gamble on my not sticking, yer kin make
money by taking 'em up. I's gwine to hold
fast to de gospel tidings like a seed-tick in
de spring of de year. I's gwine ter lead
a new life, till de lake war de wum is neber
quenched in friz ober wid ice thick
enough to bar a train of kears loaded wid
railroad iron.'

'I's glad to hear yer talk in dat strain,'
said the parson, gravely, 'but kin yer pass
by a yard after dark whar der is close hang-
in' out widout hustin' yer leg ober de fence?'
'Look here, you don't spect me to be-
come a saint in less den two days. I's a
cogel infant, whar has ter be fed. I's a
dog, but I tells yer I'm makin' rattling good
time on de road to de New Jerusalem, when
yer looks at my record foah de pass four
years.'

'How 'bout chickens?'
Last night after I had jined de gospel
band, I started foah home, and I had to
pass down de alley, whar leads by de back
yard of Colonel Jones's house. I hadn't
moah den got pass his yard when I found
I was carryin' one of his Spanish breed ob
roosters, wid big combs, in each hand.
Satan must hab shoveld dem fowls in my
hands.'

'Jim Webster, you are gwine to bring de
church into discredit. Don't you know
Colonel Jones's chickens are de best breed
of Spanish breed ob chickens on Galveston
Island? Yer kin't yield ter temptation wid
chickens whar kin be identified by der
police.'

'Dat's jest what my conscience tole me.
I was filled wid remorse as soon as I saw
what kind ob poultry I was totin' off. Be-
sides, dem old roosters ain't wuff a cent to
brile, so I jest went back and put 'em right
back whar I got 'em.'

'Bress de Lor,' said Parson Bledsoe.
'I put 'em back and tuck two young pul-
lets, which looks like any udder chickens,
and was jest de right size ter brile.'

'Don't add lyin', Jim Webster, to yer
udder sins.'

'I can't tell a lie, parson, but ef ye
blesses 'em, isn't one of de elect, just come
home wid me and hab some ob de breast
and de stuffin' for dinner. I kin smell
der briled pullets now.'

He went.

Kings and Emperors as Husbands.
Miss Ann Brewster, in a letter from Rome,
writes: 'We have very erroneous ideas
in our country about the characters and po-
sitions of European sovereigns. The para-
graphs floating around in our journals are
amusing in their errors, and one often won-
ders where they come from. They seem to
be manufactured by some monarch-loving
persons, who wish to create a false opinion.
The Queen of Italy is a free-spirited woman,
and her husband is an always-headed of
their income in expenses. This is not
so much exaggerated as part of the profes-
sion of rank and royalty. Her private life,
as is well known, has never been a happy
one. King Humbert, like most of the royal
men of Europe of this day, does not under-
stand his *metier* or trade, according to the
spirit of the times, any better than the kings
of the past, for that matter. Our newspa-
per paragraphs represent the sovereigns of
Europe as very virtuous, domestic men,
when a virtuous domestic king is the excep-
tion, not the rule.

The King of Belgium and the Emperor of
Austria are probably the only sovereigns
whose lives are honest as husbands and
fathers. The Emperor of Russia's out-
rageous infidelities broke the heart of a
true, loving and gentle wife as ever a man
was blessed with. The Prince of Wales is a
repetition of George IV. The Emperor of
Germany and his Empress have lived
apart many years. The Queen of Prussia
—as the Empress Augusta was in early life
—was too spirited a woman to submit to
her husband's open infidelities, and too
strong, mentally and physically, to go down
into the grave for them. Early in their
married life she repented the treatment she

received so seriously that a decorous but no
less positive separation was the result.
The famous war telegrams of 1870, so cleverly
caricatured by Punch—
'Thank God, my dear Augustus,
We've had another buster.
Ten thousand French have gone below,
—that God from whom we bleed with flow—'
were cleverly manufactured at Bismarck.
Every one knew that the King and Queen
of Prussia only spoke and met on public
occasions, when they were obliged to as is
the case now. Her Imperial Majesty has
not been her husband's "dear Augusta" since
the first year of her married life. The first
Queen of Holland led a life of royal misery,
and her successor's chance is no better.
The wife of Victor Emmanuel, the mother of
King Humbert, died broken-hearted, and the
married life of Margaret of Savoy, Queen
of Italy, has been a dreary, desolate one, so
far as husband-love and devotion are con-
cerned.

GREAT GUNS.
Peculiar Mechanical Devices for Firing Thou-
sands of Shots Per Minute—Modern Warfare
Reduced to a Deadly Science.
Dr. J. H. McLean, of St. Louis, has in-
vented some novel military weapons. Slow-
going England sent Maj. Harmon, a mili-
tary expert of high degree, and the chief
superintendent of the royal Woolwich ar-
senal, all the way to America to see the Mc-
Lean guns, and this gentleman has been so
impressed with the peculiar merits of these
weapons that he will start to witness their
official test, which takes place at Washing-
ton on the 3d of January next. There is in-
tense, and yet entirely unsatisfied, curi-
osity among military authorities in regard
to the machines that Dr. McLean has
christened Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, An-
nihilator, Vixen, Pulverizer, and Lady Mc-
Lean. The Army and Navy Journal, in its
last issue, devotes eight pages of letter-
press and illustration to the subject
of these instruments of war. The McLean
patent is simply a wheel, and, as far as test-
ed, seems to be as far ahead of a Gatling
gun as a Gatling gun is ahead of a revolver.
Everybody knows what a Gatling gun is.
It has several barrels of the same caliber,
placed in a bunch like the barrel of the old
Allen revolver, and is mounted either on a
tripod or a carriage. There is a reservoir
of cartridges at the breech end, and you
turn a crank to fire. As many as a thou-
sand shots a minute can be fired from one of
these guns. The McLean differs from the
Gatling in having its barrels arranged in a
horizontal plane. The Gen. Sherman has
but one barrel, and is fed by hand at the
rate of twenty-six shots per minute; the
Gen. Grant has four magazines, and the
Annihilator has twelve magazines, with a
capacity of 145 cartridges, and the Lady Mc-
Lean has thirty-six barrels, fed by seventy-
seven magazines. All these weapons are so
mounted as to admit of firing to any point
of the compass at will without moving the
carriage, and are provided with rubber buff-
ing, so as to take up the chief part of the
recoil. The breech mechanism is the es-
sential feature of the gun. It is strong, ad-
mits of perfect consumption of the powder
charge, is simple in design, durable, and
adapted to the most rapid handling.

Destroyers of Contagion.
From the Boston Journal of Chemistry.
Modern science has let in a flood of light
upon the cause of many illnesses, and the
nature of the contagion upon which their
propagation depends. Not only has the
cause of disease been traced to agents ex-
ternal to the body, but the exact form of
these disturbing organisms has been pointed
out. They consist of minute particles,
probably in most or in all cases of vegeta-
ble nature; they are therefore non-gaseous,
and in no respect comport themselves like
gaseous bodies.
The contagious principle of fever is cork-
screw-like spirilla; in other diseases it ap-
pears as a large motile rod; in others as a
solid body, ragged, and nearly round.
These bodies float in the atmosphere in
clouds, and when inhaled, or when they
come in contact with abraded surfaces, in-
oculation occurs, and the disease is of the
type peculiar to the nature of the specific
poison. The bodies start in the circulation
a morbid chemical action, or serve as a fer-
ment, which disturbs or deranges the
blood, and thus produces most serious ill-
ness.
Malarial fevers, measles, diphtheria, scarlet
fever, small-pox, and many other alarming
diseases result from blood poisoning
through the action of these curious external
agents. So long as the nature of the nox-
ious material was unknown, the chemical
agents as disinfectants, deodorants, an-
tiseptics, etc., were selected to satisfy the
most various and dissimilar theories as to
its nature and properties; but since a better
understanding has been reached, a more
intelligent and scientific selection and use
of these substances can be made. It is
important that in families where cases of
zymotic diseases prevail, accurate knowl-
edge should be possessed as to the methods
of preventing a spread of the contagion.
Every physician should be well informed on
this subject, but unfortunately some of
them are not.
Of course, the septic germs, in cases of
small-pox, diphtheria, etc., fall upon the
floors and walls of rooms, upon the bed,
and upon the clothing of attendants. Upon
these depositories the usual solid or liquid
disinfectants, exposed in the room have
little or no effect; nothing but thorough
gaseous disinfectants, with the use of
these substances, will expel them. The
best method to disinfect clothing is by the
use of heat. Experiment has shown that
no form of contagion can withstand a tem-
perature of 220 deg. F.; therefore, clothing
placed in a hot box two hours, with dry
heat above that of boiling water, is thor-
oughly disinfected; or it may be soaked in
boiling water with the same result.
Vaccine matter may be taken as the type
of a virulent material, and experiments up-
on this poison prove that disinfectants, to
be effectual, must be used in much larger
quantity than has been considered neces-
sary. If the destroying agent is of an acid
nature, the virus must be rendered perman-
ently and strongly acid. The end desired
is to destroy the ineffective power complet-
ely. It is not generally known that carbolic
acid, in quantity equal to 2 per cent. of the
virus, is incapable of doing this work upon
vaccine virus. It deprives it of its infective
power for the time being, but this returns
as soon as the carbolic acid has escaped
through exposure to the air.
Chlorine is a gaseous body, and is in or-
dinary cases an effective disinfectant. It is,
however, inferior to sulphurous acid; this
is the most valuable agent we have, but
unfortunately it is not safe in experienced
hands. A room in which a case of infec-
tious disease has been placed can be thor-
oughly cleansed by burning a little sulphur
in the absence of the inmates. The sul-
phurous acid is a gas exceedingly disagree-
able and irrespirable, and great caution is
necessary in its use.
Permanganate of potash is a true disinfect-
ant, having oxidizing powers of high cap-
ability, but it must be used in much larger
quantities than are usually employed. Its
high cost is a bar to its free use, and it is
not clearly seen how it can ever become
much cheaper. Chloride of lime, freely
used, is a good disinfectant; but when it is
placed in vessels in small quantities in sick-
rooms, or sparingly sprinkled in drains, it
has but slight influence as a destroyer of

contagion. Carbolate of lime is a cheap
and good disinfectant, but it must be used
in large amounts to be useful. Several of
the metallic salts have powerful antiseptic
properties; for example, the protosulphate
of iron. This salt, in strong solution, is a
valuable agent, and is worthy of notice. At
this point it should be stated that carbolic
acid and the metallic salts, used in small
quantities, are preservative agents, and may
actually prolong the life of contagium by
preventing its destruction through natural
processes.
There are numerous patented "antiseptics"
and "disinfectants," which are perfect-
ly worthless so far as any influence upon
septic germs is concerned. It is very im-
portant that heads of families, and espe-
cially physicians, should clearly understand
what is required when selecting an agent
for practical use. Contagious particles of
all forms are imbedded in an epithelial or
albuminous covering, and they do not yield
their vitality readily, and never to improper
agents. They are good deodorants which
arrest putrefaction and fermentation, and
yet completely fail to destroy the contagious
particles.

Puritan Names.
From all the Year Round.
There never was a more pronounced
movement in nomenclature than that of the
Puritans. They resolved to throw off all
semblance of the world, or acquaintance
with worldly things. So they rushed to the
other extreme, and although many of them
were very brave and noble men, they exposed
themselves to ridicule by their fantastic
choice of names. Such names as Mr. Praise
God Barebones, Sergeant Zerrubabel Grace
and Sweet-not-at-all Ireton, were cal-
culated to excite the risible faculties of the
Cavaliers; while there was something even
still more ludicrous in such long-sound-
ing typical titles as Hew-Agag-in-pieces-
before-the-Lord Robinson, and Glory-be-
to-God-Pennyman, and Obediah-bind-thy-
king-in-chains-and-thy-nobles-with-links-
of-iron Needham. The Rev. Charles W.
Bardsley recently published an amusing
work on the "Curiosities of Puritan Nomen-
clature," omitting some very singular ex-
amples thereof. For instance, we find that
one Mr. Hopkinson, of Salehurst, christ-
ened three of his daughters Persis, Rene-
wed, and Safe-on-high, respectively; while
Mr. Thomas Heley, preacher of Warbleton,
gave to four of his own offspring the names
of Muche-mercy, Increased, Sin-denie,
and Fear-not. For half a century Warble-
ton was, in the names of its parishioners, a
complete exegesis of justification by faith
without the deeds of law. Sorry-for-sin
Conpard was a perpetual exhortation to
repentance, and No-mert Vainall was a
standing denunciation of works. Coming
to "grace names," Mr. Bardsley notes that
Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the House of
Commons in James's and Charles's reigns,
had a wife Temperance, and four daughters,
Patience, Temperance, Silence, and Pru-
dence. In the year 1758, the death of the
Rev. Experience Mayhew is recorded, and
the baptism of more than one Diligence,
Obedience, Perseverance, Confidence and
Victory. Humiliation was a favorite Chris-
tian name with some families, though its
bearers were probably not always so humble
as some who have borne the surname of
Pride. Preserved was another favorite
name, and it is stated that a boy who was
washed ashore on the New-Jersey coast was
named Preserved Fish, a name which he
lived to bear with distinction. In 1611 there
was baptized at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, a
child to whom was given the name of Job-
ricked-out-of-the-ashes. Another curious
name was Cherubin Diball, but upon this
Mr. Bardsley remarks that it was not more
singular than many another.

Why They Do Not Marry.
A well-known society man was asked the
other day why, with his wide acquaintance,
and his notable fondness for womanhood,
he did not get married? "Because" was the
rather puzzling reply, "all my lady friends
belong to what is styled our best society."
"Well, what of that?" "Just this, my dear
fellow," answered the confirmed bachelor,
"I despise any man who would marry a
woman for her fortune; and I think that
any man who, without the blessing of his own
world undertake to support a fashionable
young woman of the period, is to big fool
to be allowed to run at large outside of an
idiot asylum. I have a vast circle of femi-
nine acquaintances. They are all girls in
fashionable society, luxuriously reared, pet-
ted, spoiled, indolent, and helpless. I
should consider an income of from twenty-
five to fifty thousand dollars a year abso-
lutely indispensable to any essay at playing the
husband to one of them. I haven't such a
sum about my thimble-pockets, and so I
stay unmarried. I know I have in me the
material to make some old lady a model
son-in-law, but I fear it is destined to be
sweetness wasted on the desert air of batch-
elorhood. Our society girls are beautiful,
bright, possessed of every respectable
compliments, and altogether more attrac-
tive than the young women of any other
land beneath the skies; but they are im-
practical and selfish, and I do not care to
set myself up as a moral reformer even in
the case of one of them. They have been
taught to worship money as their chief god,
and I have not enough of their god to de-
mand their adoration."

Scientific Notes.
The highest percentage of alcohol in the
beers of north-eastern Prussia is said to be
4.480.
With the view of approximately ascertaining
how long after death emphysemas
be detected in cases of poisoning, Dr. L.
Medicus killed a hen with that substance.
Twenty-three days afterward the fowl was
dissected. The digestive organs were ob-
served to be quite luminous, and the pres-
ence of phosphorus was easily detected.
An easy method of showing whether but-
ter is adulterated with beef-fat has been
submitted by Hager. He saturates a cotton
wick with a suspected sample, which is
first melted. He then lights the wick and
permits it to burn for about two minutes.
At the end of that time, when the wick is
extinguished, an odor like that given off by
a tallow candle, when its flame is blown
out, is readily perceived if the butter is artifi-
cial.

The ruins of a once magnificent bathing
establishment, covered over by more
than 30 feet of ashes and lava, have
been discovered by Prof. Giuseppe Novi,
near Herculaneum. From all descriptions
they appear to surpass anything of a simi-
lar nature hitherto excavated, either at Her-
culaneum or at Pompeii. The sculptured
fountains and tanks are of oriental granite,
the floors are of colored glass mosaic, and
the walls of the buildings are richly adorned
with paintings of stucco work.

Vermont's Tallest and Heaviest.
From the Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
The members of the White family, of
East Whitehall, are remarkable; both as to
weight and size. Four of the family
"stretched" out measure 24 feet and 7 inches.
Their combined weight is 751 pounds.
The father is 6 feet and 4 inch high, and
weighs 203 pounds; William, John, age 25
years weighs 185 pounds, height 6 feet and
1 inch; David aged 21 years, weighs 203
pounds, height 6 feet and 5 inches. There
are five other brothers, ranging in years
from 11 to 19, weighing from 110 to 160
pounds, who are from 5 to 6 feet high.
Each of the seven brothers when they reach
the age of 21 will tip the scales at 200 or
more, and will measure over 6 feet.

